NEW YORK'S ROYAL VISITORS, THE CONNAUGHTS

The PRINCESS PATRICIA of Connaught.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught

'PRINCE ARTHUR of Connaught.

H.R.H. The Duchess of Connaught.

Visits on the part of members of the reigning families of the Old World have been so numerous the last two decades that royalty comes and goes in New York without attracting even as much attention as some insignificant British lordling did in the days of a quarter of a century ago. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and their daughter, Princess Patricia, who leave Ottawa this evening, and are due here to-morrow morning, for the purpose of making a four-days' stay with Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, at their home on Madison avenue, are, however, deserving of special attention for a number of reasons.

Thus, the Duke, who is now filling the office of Governor General of Canada, enjoys the distinction, shared of course by the Duchess, of having refused a throne, and the same thing may be said of his daughter, who in point of looks, and of charm of manner, is regarded as the most fascinating member of the dynasty exercising sovereign sway over the British Empire. For Princess Patricia is known to have rejected the hand of Alfonso XIII.

A match had been negotiated between them by the reigning families of England and of Spain, and by the governments of these two countries. Only the consent of Princess "Pat," that is to say, of the personage most directly concerned in the case, was wanting. King Alfonso was unable to secure it from her when she visited Madrid with her parents, on their way home from Malta. He subsequently followed her to England, in the hope that through the friendly influence of her uncle, Edward VII., and of her aunt, Queen Alexandria, she might be induced to favor his suit. She, however, again declined his offers, and it was only then, some at court say at her instigation, that he turned his attention to her cousin, Princess Ena of Battenberg, who accepted his hand with alacrity, and who is now his Queen.

A lot of nonsense has been printed about Princess Patricia's refusal to wed King Alfonso being due to the fact that she had given her heart to Lord Anglesey. There is but little foundation for this story. At the time when the Princess declined the hand of Don Alfonso, Lord Anglesey had not yet succeeded to his cousin's peerage or estates. He was an impecunious commoner, and the financial affairs of the late Marquis, who had been overwhelmed by bankruptcy, were in such a tangle, that it was a question whether there would be any property left for his successor to inherit. Besides, Lord Anglesey has never been particularly devoted to Princess Patricia, and he is now engaged to be married to Lady Eileen Elliott, daughter of Lord and Lady Minto, and who when her father was Governor General of Canada, was a familiar figure in New York society.

If Princess Patricia declined to become Queen of Spain, it was in the first place because she did not love King Alfonso, or feel drawn towards him. Then, too, the glamor of sovereignty did not appeal to her sufficiently to induce her to sacrifice her family, her friends, and her pleasant life in England, where she practically has her own way in everything, for Spain, where she would have been a slave to etiquette, to national customs, and above all, to national prejudices, which are particularly pronounced against all foreigners.

Finally, there was the question of religion. The Princess, though gay and fond of pleasure, is sufficiently of a religious woman to decline to swap her creed for the sake of a throne, differing in this respect from Henry IV., who, born and bred a Huguenot, became a convert to Roman Catholicism, in order to qualify himself for the crown of France, exclaiming, as he made his state entry into his capital, "Paris vaut bien une messe" (Paris is well worth a mass).

The throne that the Duke of Connaught and his wife refused, largely, it is said, at the instance of their three children, was that of the sovereign Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, in Germany. These had belonged to Ernest, elder brother of Queen Victoria's husband, the Prince Consort. When Duke Ernest died, without leaving any legitimate issue, his throne should have gone to his dead brother's eldest son, the then Prince of Wales. The latter, however, waived his rights, and those of his son George, in favor of his second and sailor brother, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh.

Duke Alfred's only son predeceased him, and then on his demise the crown of the two Duchies went by right of succession to the Duke of Connaught. The Duke of Connaught, however, came to the conclusion that the life of a prince of the blood of England, holding the highest offices in the army, was preferable to that of a petty German sovereign, in theory an ally, in reality a vassal, to his autocratic nephew, Emperor William. So he refused the thrones of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, his only son, Prince Arthur, following suit, and thus it was that the sovereignty of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha passed to the Duke of Connaught's nephew, Leopold, Duke of Albany, only son of the youngest of Edward VII.'s brothers, and who, educated at Eton, has now become more of Teuton that any native-born.

The Duke of Connaught is a godson of the great Duke of Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, and furnishes the only instance, at any rate in modern times, of a scion of English royalty being sponsored at his christening by anyone not a member of one of the reigning houses of Europe. The old Duke of Wellington, who was devoted to Queen Victoria, whom he had known since her earliest childhood, was much interested in the birth of the Duke of Connaught, and when at Buckingham Palace he asked the nurse, in his brusque, curt way, immediately after the happy event had taken place, whether the new-born child was a girl or a boy, she answered him, in a manner that Thackeray records as follows, in homely verse:

> Then Mrs. Lily, the nurse,
> Toward them steps with joy,
> Says the brave old Duke
> Come, tell to us,
> Is it a gal or a boy?"
> Says Mrs. L. to the Duke
> "Your Grace, it is a Prince"
> And at that nurse's bold rebuke
> He did both laugh and wince

Perhaps it was because the Iron Duke was his godfather, and became, in a measure, responsible for him—at any rate for his spiritual welfare—that the present Governor General of Canada is by taste and profession a soldier. Until he threw up his office of Inspector General of the British forces in the Mediterranean three years ago, as a costly and useless sinecure, in bitter disgust with the present administration of the War Department by Lord Haldane, his whole life from early boyhood was devoted to soldiering.

He graduated from the "shop," that is to say, from Woolwich, which is the English counterpart of the American Military Academy at West Point, and later on put in some years of service as a subaltern officer of the Sixtieth Rifles, at Halifax, occasionally running down from Canada to visit New York in the strictest incognito. He has been attached in turn to every arm of the British military service, and in the invasion of Egypt of 1882, following the bombardment of Alexandria, and culminating in the English military occupation of Egypt, which has continued ever since, he commanded the brigade of Guards, at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, where he so distinguished himself by personal gallantry, that on the strength of the reports of the German military attaches with the expedition, all veterans of the Franco-German War of 1870, old Emperor William bestowed upon him the Prussian Order Pour le Merite, founded by Frederick the Great, and the military cross of which is only bestowed for some specially remarkable feat of gallantry and daring.

Afterwards the Duke commanded for five years the British and native troops of the Indian Presidency of Bombay, and during his stay there, he and the Duchess endeared themselves to all, white and dusky people alike, by their unaffected kindliness, by their simplicity of manner, by their solicitude for every kind of suffering, and by the tact with which the Duke restricted his role to that of the mere soldier, without allowing his royal status as a prince of the blood to in any way impair the position and prestige of the Governor of Bombay, and of the Viceroy of India.

There is a strict law to the effect that the Viceroy, the Governors of the Presidencies of Madras and of Bombay, the Commander-in-chief of all India, and the General in command of the military forces of each of the two Presidencies, should not return home during their term of office, which is for five years. This statute was enacted about a hundred years ago, to put a stop to the abuse resulting from great Anglo-Indian dignitaries drawing huge emoluments for services supposed to be performed in India, while they remained comfortably at home in England.

That the Duke of Connaught was tied down, like any other commanding officer of a Presidency, by the terms of this law, was shown by the fact that when Queen Victoria was anxious to have him, as her favorite son, by her side on the occasion of her jubilee, it became necessary to secure the passage of a special Act of Parliament, in order to enable him to return to England from India for the occasion, on leave of absence.

Perhaps the best work that the Duke ever did, as a military man, was while President of the so-called Board of Selection; that is to say, the board organized for the purpose of choosing the men, irrespective of seniority, for promotion to the more or less important commands. Until he became President, rank favoritism and petticoat influence, not merely influenced, but actually controlled, all advancement in the army.

The Duke put an end to this. He was insensible, of course, to any such thing as social influence, and that petticoat persuasiveness had no weight with him whatsoever, is perhaps best shown by his singularly happy home life, and by the fact that alike as a bachelor and as a married man, his name has remained entirely untouched by even any breath or suspicion of scandal; this, too, despite the fierce limelight of publicity, which envelopes within its rays every feature of the life of royal personages of the importance of the Duke. As long as the Duke was at the head of the Board of Selection, happiness and contentment prevailed among all the commissioned ranks of the army. The officers knew that influence, in the evil sense of the word, played no role in their promotion, or in their failure to receive it, and that merit alone counted with the royal President.

The Duke, whose eldest daughter is Crown Princess of Sweden, is extremely well off. He receives, first and foremost, an annuity of $125,000 a year from the British Treasury, out of the Civil List, which is accorded to the Crown in return for the latter's relinquishment to the nation of the enormously valuable Crown lands, that yield to-day a revenue far larger than the Civil List, so that the nation is a gainer by the bargain. Then the Duke has his salary of $50,000 a year, plus allowances, as Governor General of Canada. Moreover, he was, as Queen Victoria's favorite child—the one who had never caused her any trouble—the principal beneficiary under her will, and her fortune was a very large one, the real estate alone embracing a considerable portion of the Metropolitan district of South Kensington.

Finally, the Duchess of Connaught is very rich in her own right. She inherited large fortunes from her mother, and especially from her father, the late Field Marshal Prince Frederick Charles, in his day the wealthiest scion of the house of Hohenzollern, and the captor of the great French stronghold of Metz, with its garrison of near 200,000 men, in the war of 1870. The Duchess is thus a soldier's daughter, and a soldier's wife, and is colonel of one of the regiments of Prussian infantry, formerly commanded by her father, who was celebrated as the Red Prince, owing to his scarlet Hussar uniform, and to his somewhat brick-red complexion, and who was renowned by military experts as the most capable cavalry commander of his day.

In the days prior to the accession to the throne of Edward VII. he showed such a marked predilection for the society of Americans that his London residence, Marlborough House, used to go by the name of "the White House," in London society. Still more may this be said of Clarence House, the metropolitan home of the Duke of Connaught, and which forms part and parcel of St. James's Palace. Americans have been more freely welcomed there than at any other royal abode in Europe.

Christmas is a festival which English people usually prefer to spend in the bosom of their family. Yet on two occasions the Connaughts have passed the entire Christmas week with American friends, near London, Mrs. Waldorf-Astor occupying a particularly high place in their favor. In fact, it is through their influence that she has been received at court by Queen Mary, although a divorcee.

The Duchess's closest chum and adviser is an American, Mrs. Jack Leslie, daughter of the late Leonard Jerome of New York, and Princess Patricia's most constant associates and friends have been American girls, many of them now married. One of them is the Hon. Mrs. John Ward, daughter of Ambassador Reid, and to Mrs. Ward's little boy the Princess is "Aunt Pat." Then there is Mrs. Montagu Eliott, who was Miss Nellie Post, and Moreton Frewen's daughter, who is now Mrs. Sheridan. In fact, Princess Patricia, although this is her first visit to America, knows Americans well, has shown her liking of them in a very pronounced manner, and as such will receive a particularly warm welcome when she arrives here with her parents to-morrow.

Considerable speculation prevails as to whether or not the Duke will meet ex-President Roosevelt while here. While every other royal or imperial visitor to New York, or distinguished foreigner, such as, for instance, Admiral Togo, etc., has considered it necessary to make a pilgrimage to Oyster Bay, to call upon the former Chief Magistrate of the United States, it is hardly probable that the Duke of Connaught will do so after declaring himself unable, on this occasion, to call upon President Taft at Washington, owing to lack of time. To call upon one, and not upon the other, might create unfavorable comment.

It is, however, probable that the Duke will have an opportunity of meeting Col. Roosevelt at Ambassador Reid's table. Of course, they have met before, especially on the occasion of the funeral of King Edward, where Col. Roosevelt represented President Taft as his Special Ambassador. It is known that the Duke was keenly in sympathy with the views concerning Egypt to which Col. Roosevelt gave expression during his stay in England at that time.

THE RED HAT OF THE CARDINAL

Never Worn, but a Symbol of His Rank—Other Distinctive Attire.

Above the choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral hangs the red hat of Cardinal John McCloskey. There it has swung on its cord since the Cardinal's death in 1885, so far above the floor that it strikes the eye only as a fleck of color against the shadowed roof.

Regarding this hat there has lately been a discussion among Roman Catholic clergymen of this city. "Now that Archbishop Farley had been made Cardinal, wouldn't the red hat of Cardinal McCloskey have to be taken down?" the question ran. And the answer has been made:

"To be sure, it is the custom of the Church for the hat of a dead Cardinal to hang in his cathedral only until a new Cardinal is created, at which time it is transferred to a permanent abiding place above its owner's tomb. But Cardinal McCloskey lies buried in the crypt of St. Patrick's and the crypt is beneath the part of the cathedral where the hat now sways. So Cardinal McCloskey's red hat may stay right where it is without violation of tradition."

Apparently this view is to prevail. A priest of the cathedral says that it has been so decided. In time the hats of other Cardinals may be added until St. Patrick's may equal the record of a European cathedral in which are to be seen twenty-three hats of as many departed princes of the Church. The custom is as old as the custom of bestowing the hat on the Cardinal as a visible symbol of his authority and jurisdiction.

Cardinal O'Connell of Boston just after the recent consistory was asked by a friend for the privilege of seeing the red hat which the Pope had just sent to the Cardinal. Cardinal O'Connell was quoted in a cable despatch as replying that neither the friend nor any one else except himself might hope to get a glimpse of the hat until it should be hung in a Boston church after his death. Commenting upon this story a Roman Catholic of this city said to a SUN reporter:

"I rather suspect that Cardinal O'Connell was having a little fun with his friend. It is true, of course, that the Cardinals never wear the red hat which the Pope gives them, and regard it as extremely sacred, but I am sure that they never go so far as to keep it concealed from all eyes but their own. In fact I believe that Cardinal McCloskey kept his hat in a bandbox with other vestments and showed it to such prelates as he cared to have see it."

To the Countess of Flanders, so tradition has it, the Cardinals owe their red hats. She complained to Pope Innocent IV. that in an assemblage she could not distinguish Cardinals from abbots and other great personages of the church, so the Pope at the Council of Lyons in 1245 prescribed the red hat to replace the mitre, and red hat it has been ever since. In the constitution of Boniface VIII. it was enacted that Cardinals should wear robes of royal purple, but since 1464 red robes have been worn and the purple usually appears only at Lent and Advent, when Cardinals can be distinguished from bishops by the red skull cap, biretta and stockings.

Time was when the hat had a real crown, cone shaped, and was habitually worn with the scarlet robes, over the drawn up hood of the cappa. But disuse that began in the time of Paul II. increased until the hat came never to be worn at all, remaining a priceless possession but a symbol. The conical crown has been reduced to a scarcely noticeable elevation above the wide stiff brim.

But although a Cardinal does not wear the hat which he gets from the Pope, it must not be thought that he goes bareheaded except when he chooses to do so. Six sorts of head covering are prescribed for him by the law of the Church.

First there is the everyday hat. It is the ordinary black, wide brimmed hat such as clerics wear. Then there is the red hat bordered with gold for use when the wearer goes to church in his red cassock—this was once the everyday hat.

Third, there is another red hat of peculiar form, very large and with a small crown of red silk bordered with gold. It is called the capellone. Formerly it was used to protect the Cardinal's head from the sun as he walked abroad, a valet holding it over him. But nowadays it is used only on such extraordinary occasions as canonizations, and the Cardinal, instead of availing himself of its protection, entrusts it to a dean of the household, who holds it suspended from his left arm.

Also there is the red biretta. In the summer it is covered with light silk and in the winter with heavier cloth, both red. It differs from other birettas in that where the horns meet there is a loop of silk string instead of the usual pompon. The biretta actually received from the Pope is never worn. It is kept on the credence table between two candlesticks in the Cardinal's antechamber.

And there is the red skull cap, the calotte or zucchetta, such as one sees in photographs of Cardinal Gibbons. All priests may wear a skull cap to cover the tonsure, but only a Cardinal may wear a red one. One authority says that so exclusive is the privilege of the red skull cap that when the Pope, as a special favor, grants a Bishop the right to wear a Cardinal's robe without making him a Cardinal he always stipulates that the red cap shall not be worn.

Finally there is the pontifical hat, the one which is never worn, not even at the moment when the prelate becomes a Cardinal, for the Pope merely holds it above the new Cardinal's head as he says in Latin:

"Receive for the glory of Almighty God and the adornment of the Holy Apostolic See this red hat as the sign of the unequalled dignity of the cardinalate, whereby it is declared that even to death by the shedding of thy blood thou shouldst show thyself intrepid for the exaltation of the blessed faith, the peace and tranquillity of the Christian people and increase the prosperity of the Holy Roman Church, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

This hat, the true sign of the Cardinal's dignity, is of red cloth and is lined with silk. From it depend two cords, ending in fifteen tassels, or flocchetti, arranged in five rows. According to tradition the cords were added to the hat because the crown had grown so low that something was needed to hold the hat on the head. The cords are of red silk entwined with gold. Other hats of the Church have the cords, but only the Cardinal's are red. The cords for Bishops and Archbishops are green, those for Patriarchs are green entwined with gold, those of most prelates are black. And only the Cardinal's cords have fifteen tassels.

If it happens that only one Cardinal is elevated at a consistory the Pope usually gives him the hat that is used in the ceremony. But usually there are several Cardinals, and to them their red hats are carried in the evening by a gentleman of the wardrobe. If the Cardinal is at a distance from Rome the hat is sometimes borne to him by an ablegate appointed by the Pope. Cardinal McCloskey was invested in the rank in the old cathedral in Mott street and did not get his pontifical hat until he visited Rome in 1878 and assisted in the coronation of Leo XIII.

There's a story told of a monk who had been made a Cardinal in absentia. To the monastery whence his reputation for good works had spread came the messenger of the Pope bearing the red hat. The messenger rapped at the monastery door and a priest appeared.

"Tell the Cardinal that I have brought a red hat from his Holiness and wish to place it on his head," said the Pope's emissary.

"Tell the representative of his Holiness," came back the reply from the Cardinal monk, "that I am very busy with the household duties of the monastery and that if he will hang the hat to a limb of a tree just outside there I will get it at my leisure."

The ablegate hung the hat on the limb and went back to the Pope, expecting that the reprimand which he would get would be as nothing to the wrath that would be visited upon the Cardinal who had apparently thought so little of the sacred red hat. But the Pope, having heard the whole story, was delighted at what he deemed evidence of the new Cardinal's fidelity to his appointed task and his humility. When he got around to it the monk walked out of his monastery and took down his hat.

In ordinary life the Cardinal wears a black soutane and short cape with scarlet pipings, buttons and button holes, and scarlet sash and stockings. When he goes out of doors he usually wears a long black cloak and the black hat trimmed with red silk ribbon and gold tassels. His society dress is a cloak of scarlet worn over a black soutane.

At court or on other state occasion the soutane is scarlet and there is also worn a rochet (a short white surplice) and a short cape known as the mantelletta. At great church or papal functions, says "The Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome," a Cardinal's dress would consist of a scarlet soutane with a train, white lace rochet and great circular scarlet cloak made like the ancient Roman paenula, which is drawn up over the arms in front and spreads into an ample train behind. This is the cappa magna. Attached to it is a hood having the appearance in front of a small shoulder cape and prolonged behind into a point. In old days the hood used to be drawn up over the head and worn under the hat, which is still done when the hat is given in consistory.

Cardinals who are members of religious orders wear their own dress in the colors of the order, but retain the red hat, biretta and skull cap. Upon the death of a Cardinal his red hat is placed at the foot of the catafalque, to remain there until it is hung in a cathedral or above his tomb.

THE REALLY BIG KANSAS BLIZZARD

Storm of 1888 the One Old Timers Turn To When They Make Comparisons.

The story that the recent blizzard brought out of western Kansas of the ranchman found buried in a snowdrift, his horse frozen under him and his dead cattle huddled around him has about it that element of the picturesque with which Kansas embellishes even its tragedies.

Years ago there were plenty of stories like this one going round, reminiscent of the great blizzard of 1888, but in recent times, and particularly since a State editorial association resolved that the words tornado, drought, grasshopper and blizzard should be stricken from the State vocabulary, such tales have been revived only when old settlers with long memories wished to prove that no succeeding winter storm has ever approached in severity the blizzard of '88.

"The worst feature of the big blizzard," said Col. William Dillon of Kansas City, formerly of the Short Grass country, "was the suffering of the live stock. No one who did not go through it can realize the horrors that we saw around us during and after the storm.

"In those days the cattle of western Kansas were the Texas longhorns, big rangy brutes, with horns that had a spread of from three to four feet. They could trot like racehorses, could live for a week on a clump of buffalo grass and a swallow or two of water and were without exception the biggest fools in the animal kingdom.

"Kansas was free range in those days and cattle raising was conducted there as it still is in the extreme West and Southwest; that is, the cattle were turned loose to hustle for their own living and no ranch owner really knew how many he had except once a year when they were rounded up for branding.

"When the blizzard struck these cattle they had no more resistance than so many frightened chickens. They drifted before the wind like rudderless boats. They piled up around the south side of buildings, the stronger trampling the weaker until their frozen carcasses were piled up as high as the eaves. The worst of it was that they starved before they froze.

"In those days no one dreamed of feeding range cattle. They grazed all winter, and if an occasional heavy snowstorm came along they went hungry until the snow melted. If the snow lasted too long they starved and the ranchman was considered unlucky. That was all there was to it.

"At the time of the blizzard I was in a little town on the Santa Fé near Garden City. It isn't even a whistling station any more, so the name doesn't matter. I will never forget the look of the cattle as they drifted before the storm through the one straggling street of that snow covered village.

"They had been without food for days and they had travelled without rest, many of them for a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles. Of course only the stronger survived and they were terrible looking creatures, gaunt and wild eyed, their shaggy coats caked with ice, shaking and falling in their tracks from weakness and getting up to struggle on again. In their desperation they gnawed at the corners of houses, they chewed the tops of posts and they fought and killed each other for the possession of a few old excelsior mattresses that were thrown out.

"Hundred of these creatures died behind the buildings in the little town and thousands more drifted through and died on the wind swept prairie to the south. Now tell me, do you blame the old settlers for asserting that there has never been a blizzard since to compare with that one?"

As a matter of fact, the blizzard of 1888 was history making in the live stock industry of Kansas. The storm ruined all the ranchmen of that part of the country. There were no cattle left alive. The day of the big ranch and free range had passed in Kansas even then. The settler was pushing his way in and the farmer was claiming his right to his own land, so that the ruin of the storm did little more than hasten the change.

The roving longhorns disappeared and in their place came the small herds of a better grade of cattle, owned by the farmers and watched over by them. Pastures were fenced in to prevent drifting before the storms, and high board fences or wind breakers were built to afford shelter from the blizzard winds. Moreover, the farmers raise enough forage, sugar cane, kaffir corn fodder and similar stuff to feed the cattle when snow prevents grazing. These cattle are shipped to eastern Kansas and Missouri to be grain fed and fattened for the market.

It is on account of these changes that no blizzard of to-day can cause the loss of live stock that the early one did. But it took the blizzard of 1888 to teach the lesson. There were other lessons learned from that storm too. One of them was in the saving of human life.

"You don't see it any more in Kansas," said Col. Dillon, "but for years after the Big Blizzard"—he always refers to it with capitals—"for years after the Big Blizzard there was always a roll of clothesline hung beside every kitchen door. It was as much a part of the furnishings as the stove, or the bench for the water pail.

"There would have been little or no loss of life in '88 if the clotheslines had been in use at that time. Almost all the men who were frozen were lost within shouting distance of their own door. Many of them had only gone out to feed their horses, perhaps, but had become confused in the smother of snow and wind, had got going in a circle and had been overcome.

"Many women set out to hunt their men with one end of the clothes line tied around their waists and the other to the door knob, and more than one succeeded in bringing back in her arms, struggling through the blinding snow with the clothesline as guide, the half frozen man whom she had reached just in time to save.

"I do not know that there were any clothesline rescues in this last blizzard, but if the stories were not exaggerated, and believe me stories of Kansas blizzards rarely are, there were a good many men who fed their stock for a day or two with a friendly rope around their waists on which they occasionally gave a reassuring tug as a signal to the anxious family waiting in the house.

"About the only people who suffered by the big blizzard that did not profit by the hard lesson it taught were the railroads, and the reason is that there wasn't anything for them to do about it. They had to take conditions as they came.

"Fighting snow is a thing that the railroads have down to a science, but fighting the snow of '88 presented some new and startling complications. About half of the mixture that filled the deep railroad cuts was not snow at all, but dirt, just plain dirt, picked up by the savage mile wind and whirled along with the fine driving snow, lodging and drifting into every crack and crevice. When this mixture was packed into a railroad cut and frozen by a few days of fifteen or twenty below zero temperature it gave the railroad men something to think about. It resisted every mechanical snow removing device that was ever invented, and it had to be quarried out with picks and drills before the road could be opened up again for traffic."

The railroads have this same difficulty whenever there is a storm of serious proportions in western Kansas. It was so with the storm that blocked all trains the first two weeks of this month. It was not the snow that made the trouble, but the dirt and sand mixed with it.